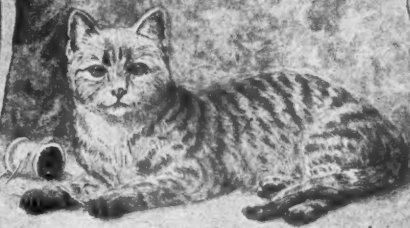


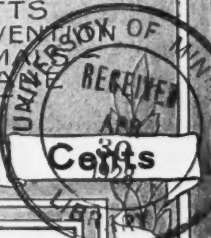
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
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THE AMERICAN HUMANE
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Vol. 61

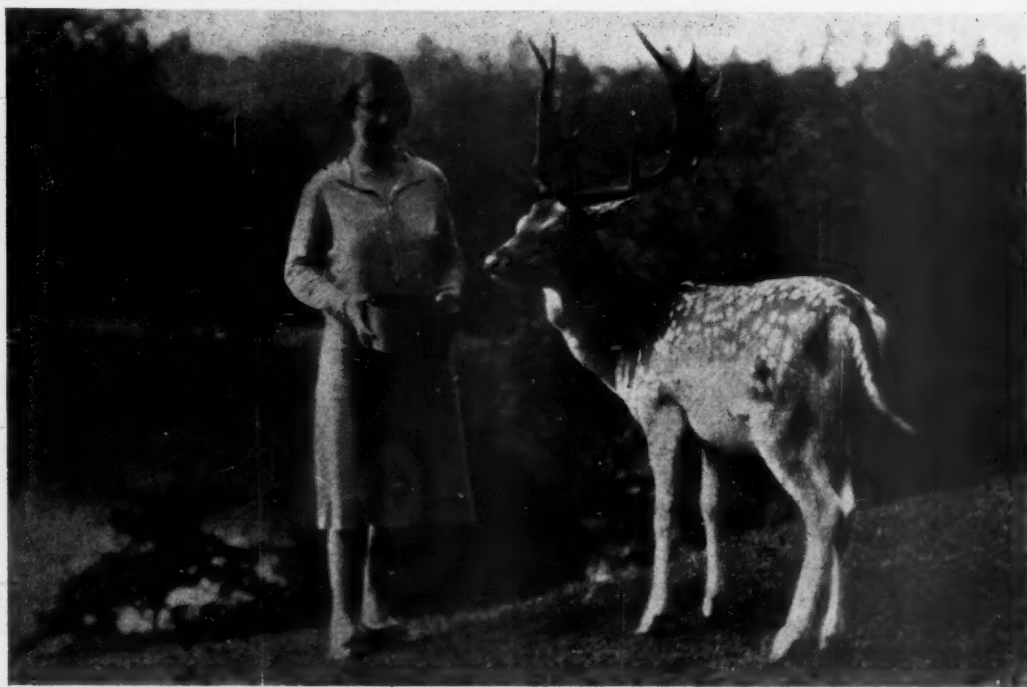
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MAY, 1928

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 61

May, 1928

No. 5

Humane Education is the torch which should illumine the work of every humane society.

No less than 26,016 essays on the kind treatment of animals were written by pupils in the schools of Scotland last year in competition for prizes offered by the Scottish S. P. C. A.

The popular English writer, E. V. Lucas, has recently put out a book of essays on dogs, "The More I See of Men . . ." in which he cleverly puts himself in the place of the dog and criticizes the human race.

More than half a million dogs are said to have been added to the canine population of Great Britain within the last four years. Fortunately for the peace of the world, it does not appear that they are all of the bull-dog variety.

At Forfar, Scotland, according to the annual report of the Scottish S. P. C. A., just received, a boy was birched for ill-treating a horse. This appears to be one part of the world where the old adage, "Spare the rod," etc., still has meaning.

A speedometer fitted to a van which replaced a laundry horse in England showed that the animal had been making fifty miles a day in its rounds! This fact came out in the veterinarian's testimony when the case was heard in court. The Royal S. P. C. A. comments: "We fear that the need for the Society's vigilance will remain for as long as there are any horses in the country."

His Majesty King Prajadhipok is patron, and Her Majesty the Queen patroness, of the new Society for the Promotion of Animal Welfare in Siam. H. R. H. Prince Damrong is president, the membership being made up of Siamese, Danish, Welsh, Scotch, Americans, and English all working together, especially to improve the lot of the little native pony which is generally overloaded and underfed. Success to their efforts!

Welcome Gifts

HUMANE Societies do not like to receive anonymous complaints with requests for investigations. Few, we fancy, will object to receiving such communications as does the San Francisco S. P. C. A. occasionally from some unknown friend. The last one, accompanied by \$100 in currency, came in February and read: "Will you kindly give the enclosed sum as a Valentine Greeting to the Animals Home Farm Fund?" While we always like to have an address so we can thank the donor, we assure our readers that any anonymous gifts intended for the Home of Rest for Horses conducted by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen, will be most welcome indeed. Summer is close at hand. Seven dollars pays for a two weeks' vacation for some tired horse, whose owner cannot afford the price, to be sent up to Methuen and turned out to the fresh green pastures at the Farm.

The League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports of Westminster, England, with rare courage is attacking the cruel features of certain outdoor sports which the British generally have condoned for hundreds of years. One of its prominent members, we note with pleasure, is the English author, Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

Dog owners in Boston and vicinity, whose dogs were ordered confined for ninety days because of the recent rabies epidemic, should be thankful that they do not live in Duluth, Minn. There, it appears, a perfect orgy of killing possessed the police. One newspaper, in March, shows a picture of a heap of dead dogs, with two officers who in one day killed 28 dogs in the streets of Duluth. The day before they killed 18. We do not wonder at the heading in another Duluth newspaper, "Public Slaughter of Dogs Disgusts and Shocks." The children, seeing their playmates killed before their eyes, were nauseated and inconsolable; there were many flagrant cases and brutal scenes; there was much condemnation. Fortunately protests from within and without the city finally availed, and the slaughter was called off in favor of impounding unmuzzled dogs.

We were pleased to learn that on April 22 the Radio Church School, conducted by the Methodist Book Concern, with the Crosley Radio Corporation (Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio) co-operating, broadcast a service of worship entitled, "A Happier Life for God's Animal Creatures."

Benny L. Becker, a truck driver of Sioux Falls, S. D., risked his life by plunging in the ice-coated Sioux river and rescuing a German police dog. "I think as much of a dog as I do of my own life," commented Becker, when it was found that he did not know to whom the dog belonged.

Congratulations to the officers of the Santa Clara Humane Society and those of the State Humane Association of California who assisted in stopping a so-called "comedy" bull-fight which was staged at San Jose early in the year. Once the comedy kind gets a footing, the tragic variety will be sure to follow.

On April 7 regulations went into force, by Royal Decree, making it obligatory at all bull-fights in the larger towns of Spain for the horses to be protected with padded coats such as those with which experiments were made last year. This is doubtless a step in the right direction, but there is a long flight ahead.

A recent wireless message from Madrid to the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, brings this welcome report: It is interesting to note that the news of Spain's return to the League of Nations coincided with the Cabinet's approval of regulations governing the protection of animals throughout Spain, thus giving official and practical effect to some five years' labor in favor of this cause.

Fifty-seven years ago George T. Angell succeeded, after several months of more or less discouraging effort, in founding the Illinois Humane Society in Chicago. Now, thanks to the untiring work of a small band of enthusiastic women from the Chicago Humane Education Society and the Anti-Cruelty Society, a new and thoroughly up-to-date dog pound is to be erected by that city.

Cruelties of Steel Trap Must Be Exposed

COULD BE ABATED BY INSISTENCE UPON FURS OBTAINED IN HUMANE WAYS

Our Disappearing Fur Bearers

MORE than nine-tenths of the fur now worn is not needed for protection from the elements, and much of it even intensifies the discomforts of adverse temperatures, for it is worn in summer." This is the claim of an eminent authority, Mr. Edward A. Preble, naturalist and biologist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In a recent issue of *Nature Magazine* he further says:

"A few hundred years ago the more beautiful furs found their principal markets in the palaces of royalty and the halls of high officials. The reward that came from rich peltries was the lure that led to the discovery of the remote islands of the North Pacific, to the planting of the first outposts in the sub-arctic wilds of Hudson Bay, to the exploration of the Yellowstone and the Oregon. As the uttermost parts of the earth yielded up their treasures fur-wearing ceased to be the sole privilege of royalty and others of high estate, and lately, under the skilful guidance of those who profit by its handling, the use of fur has spread to practically all classes. But since all may not wear the costly rarer furs which have been almost exterminated by unrelenting pursuit, many humbler wild creatures whose skins were formerly safe from the trapper have been gradually added to the list of victims. Coincident with the decrease of our wild animals, the demand for fur has increased.

"So far we have dealt only with the skins themselves with scant reference to the species that furnish the different furs, and none at all to the individual animals—wild creatures that love their lives, their homes, their mates, and their young. To furnish these skins that are bartered so eagerly and worn so jauntily, each animal must give up its life, often in agony. Should not all who love animals give thought to this? If it does not touch your heart, then our centuries of civilization have well-nigh been in vain, and the example of the Great Teacher, who ever taught charity and kindness, has passed unheeded.

"And to whom belongs this wild life that is so fast being sacrificed to greed and vanity, and at such serious cost to our finer qualities, however dulled? These creatures of the wild belong to all of us insofar as we have the mind and the will to appreciate their beauty and companionship. They are a part of that great and glorious heritage that has come to us who read these lines, and to the millions who will never see them, and to our children and their children. And they belong peculiarly to those of us who have not the wish to sacrifice them for our own temporary pleasure or profit. As for those who exploit them, and to whom wild life is valued only in dollars, they have long since destroyed their share. And we whose reduced share remains must find some way to keep from being robbed of that moiety yet surviving, that our descendants may know with what manner of creatures this continent was peopled."

Our Dumb Animals is doing a fine work in educating the public to be kind to dumb brutes, both domestic and wild, and deserves the best wishes and co-operation of all humane people.

—Freeman Journal, Webster City, Ia.



TORTURE INTENSE AND PROLONGED IS THE PRICE OF FUR

The Captives

ATHELIA T. PEARSON

To be a bird with a flashing wing,

Yet never again to fly;

Never to feel the rush of the earth

In a plunge from the cloudless sky;

Never to choose a feathered mate

And build a sheltered nest;

Always the hateful eyes of man—

No silence nor peace nor rest!

To be a deer with spreading horns—

With sharp round hoofs that never again

Shall brush the ferns and flowers aside

Or strike a spark in the pebbled glen.

Never to hide in protecting hills,

Nor gaze on the purple sage;

Never a tree for homesick eyes—

Only the bars of a cage!

The bright wings beat at the prison wall

And the feet pace a weary trail.

What do you think they are dreaming of

As they watch the stars grow pale?

Out with the fleet and the fortunate—

This is the hour when mate calls mate;

This is the time when the watchers wait;

This is the wild ones' tryst with fate;

But here it's only the bars they see.

What of the doe with suffering eyes?

What of the little ones' hunger cries?

What of the soul that sickens and dies?

God gave them the freedom of earth and skies,

Yet never again to be free!



To Insist Upon Humane Furs

POWERFUL influences and organizations have already aligned themselves against steel-trapping cruelties. The extent, enormity and long-continuance of the trap barbarity is a reproach to Christian civilization. The churches and religious societies are awakening to this deplorable fact. A few months ago the great International Society of Christian Endeavor in convention passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that the use of the common steel trap for taking fur-bearing and other animals, as one of the greatest cruelties in the world, should no longer be tolerated by Christian civilization, and that a wise method for speeding its abatement will be the insistence by every purchaser of a fur garment that the material therein shall have been obtained in some humane way."

Who Wants Her Hide?

A trapper at Orange, Tex., placed a trap in what he thought was a mink trail, but one morning found a big muskrat fastened in it. After the animal had been killed, the trapper observed a nest which had been prepared by the mother rat while fast in the trap, as she had three feet free. Within the nest was a new-born litter of rats. "I'd give the price of a good many furs if I had seen the young muskrats before I killed their mother for her hide," said the trapper.—*Manchester Union*

What Do You Think of This?

A prize collie was found early in April in the woods near Fairfield, Conn., caught in two traps. She had been missing for fifty-five days. Mangled horribly, starved, reduced to a skeleton, there was yet enough of life and consciousness to attract the notice of a passing farm hand who released her. Such a case of prolonged torture is without parallel. Can anyone conceive of a sentient creature enduring 1,200 hours of suffering in the jaws of two traps?

Join the No Furs League!

The Sparrow's Fall

DALLAS LORE SHARP

AN ornithologist friend of mine was telling me recently of a curious encounter he had had with a little sharp-shinned hawk, *Accipiter velox*. He had just entered his dooryard from a walk, when a mockingbird, hotly followed by the little hawk, dashed into the shrubs and out, and round and round him, the mocker seeking his protection, and trying to find hiding on his person. The man shouted and waved his walking stick, as liable to hit the mockingbird as the hawk, the two birds cutting circles about him, and actually brushing him with their wings.

He might have been a tree trunk, his cane a waving twig, and his voice the voice of the wind, for all the hawk cared. He was after that mocker and he was bound to get him. And he did get him, striking him at about the level of the man's knee, knocking him nearly lifeless with a savage thrust of his claws, then upon him with beak and claws as he fell between the man's feet.

The mocker was not dead, and the man made a motion to take it, but the hawk hit at him. He stood over his prey like a little feathered fiend, the incarnation of fury. He had done for the mocker, let the man keep hands off or he would do for him. But the man would not keep hands off, at least not his cane off, so he tried to separate the two with his stick. Not so. The hawk clutched his quarry and fought back at the stick, and it was not until the man reluctantly knocked the defiant little fury senseless that he was able to get hold of the bleeding mocker, now beyond rescue or help of human hands.

What had human hands to do with this affair, anyhow?

Happily, if it was happily, the hawk had not been killed, but got to his groggy wings and flew uncertainly away. But the mocker's spring-long song was forever hushed. And in the heart of my friend there is anger and wonder and doubt and fear—not so much about singing mockers and killing hawks, as about his own mind in this matter and his own bungling part in the life of the world.

The window beside my writing table looks out over a wild, pine-covered pasture into a sky sprung over a distant rim of woods. I happened to look up from work the other day to see a sparrow, a vesper, I thought, from the flash of its tail, darting up into the blue barely out of the reach of a pursuing, sharp-shinned hawk.

Up, up they climbed, cutting, pitching, banking, checking, a double figure, but so single in their motion as to seem one body, two pairs of beating wings inevitably linked as one.

I held my breath. A terrible fascination possessed me as they drifted in my direction, the hawk directly beneath the sparrow, forcing it higher and higher and to the utmost of its powers, when, with a flash of its half-leashed wings, the pursuer looped clear over the fluttering bit of brown and struck! I saw him quiver and recoil as from a collision, shake out his pinions, and like some cloud-coasting monoplane, slide down toward the woods, a crumpled little body in his claws.

My manuscript was a blur before me. I could not continue writing. Perhaps the small tragedy had lasted half a minute. It was too, too long for me. In that fearful instant of unequal flight, ground wings against

cloud wings, my own wings were the sparrow's. The blow of the fatal talons found my vitals, and limp and bleeding out of the living sky I was borne by the wings of the captor to some dark forest of the dead.

That is an unscientific, sentimental mind to entertain. It is unethical, too, probably, and liable to do harm. *Accipiter velox* was about his legitimate business and earning his daily bread. He had doubtless swooped at the humble-flying sparrow, missed his stroke as the bird vaulted into the air, and whirling beneath it, crowded it higher up into the unaccustomed sky, where, bewildered and exhausted, it fell into the lightning claws. Had the sparrow, in his turn, been pouncing upon a bewildered cabbage butterfly I should have applauded him. For I am a pouncer upon cabbage butterflies myself, and with something of almost religious zeal when in my vegetable garden. Miserable cabbage butterflies! But when Sharp-Shin does the same thing to one of my vesper sparrows—or to my friend's mocker—then, suddenly, Nature itself seems evil, and life only a bloody reign of tooth and claw.

The trouble is I do not exercise my reason in the matter, but only rearrange my prejudices—against the hawk when he destroys my sparrow; in favor of the sparrow when he destroys the cabbage butterflies, because they destroy my cabbages. Yet butterflies and sparrow and hawk are moved by the same primal urge, the urge which moves me when I sit down before a beady, briskety head of boiled cabbage. That is not actually true with the butterfly, for she does not eat the cabbage, but only provides it for her children.

What am I to do about it? I am certainly going to wage war on the yellow cabbage butterflies and upon all their wormy offspring. But what about the hawk? If only the hawk would let my vesper sparrows alone! I never have but a single pair of vespers nesting on Mullein Hill during any season. Last June I found their nest in the grass and fenced it in, hoping in vain to hide it from my neighbor's prowling barn cat. Now the hawk has taken one of the mated pair.

To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly—these are required of us. But they could be worse. For suppose the Almighty, instead of requiring us to walk humbly, had required us to walk *consistently*! I let the hawk go. I thrill when I hear his screaming and see him dashing among the lesser birds. Who made his hooked beak and terrible talons? His wings of speed and his bold, defiant spirit? Might there not, possibly, be too many sparrows and mockers except for him? And (but this is a dangerous question!) is not this stirring, robber figure of the hawk in the sky worth to us several sparrows in the grass?

If I only had the patience and the insight and the sound reasoning powers of Job, and could say with him that the Lord gave the hawk, and the Lord took away the sparrow; blessed be the name of the Lord! But Job apparently was not afflicted with cabbage butterflies. The Lord gave them, too, and what will he say to me for smashing every infant one of them upon my growing cabbage? He gave the cabbage, too, and dominion over them. And with dominion he gave responsibility, and discretion, and love, not merely over and for our own cabbage patch, but over

Something is Wrong with Me

SOMETHING is wrong with me!

The apple tree
Blossoms and fairly laughs to greet the day.
The breeze is kind.
The song-birds find
Reason to sing a merry roundelay.
I only, of all living things, despair
And grumble at my care.

The world exults today
To welcome May.
Outside there seems a riot of delight.
I, only, frown
With eyes cast down,
Missing the beauty left and right.
Have I no gratitude to give
That still I live?

Something is wrong with me,
Or I should be
Blithe as the birds that sweetly sing.
I, too, should wear
A happy air,
And flash a welcome to the spring;
But I, so wrapt in my affairs,
Deplore my cares.

Something is wrong with me,
Or I should see
Cause for a flood of cheery words.
I, too, should wake
To life and make
As brave a showing as the birds.
God's love is everywhere proclaimed!
I frown and am ashamed.

EDGAR A. GUEST

(Copyright 1926)

the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. What every cabbage grower and bird lover must remember is the extent of his dominion and responsibility; what the laws are that he is administering; and whose is this earth and the fulness thereof, sparrow, and hawk, and butterfly.



King of the Polar Regions

HERBERT BEARDSLEY

OF all the Arctic animals, the great white king of the ice floes, the polar bear, will survive the longest. This is because he is a sea mammal, lives in the inner fastnesses of the polar pack, and can be hunted or pursued only on its fringes. Unlike any other animal, he keeps to the ice, and will seek shore only when cut off from open water.

He is the best swimmer of the animal world. The flanks and legs are covered with hair ten to twelve inches long.

"A+" in English

NOLA DILWORTH COCKE

HAS it ever occurred to you that a buffalo hides within his bulky frame longings akin to human? That he feels loneliness, homesickness, and that he longs for the spoken word or the gentle touch?

A great many of us sentimentalize over dogs—more especially our own! Quite pat is the expression, "Love me, love my dog." And I am certainly not one to decry this sentiment. I am a firm believer in dogs. They have through the centuries proved their just claim to be called "man's best friend."

Too, a majority of us feel again and again resentment against inhuman treatment of any dumb animal. God gave man dominion over all animals. But automatically went with it an obligation of man's responsibility toward the lower creation.

We sentimentalize over cats, over monkeys, over a diversity of pets—I'll admit one can't very well make a lap-pet out of a buffalo! But you'll say: "We have 'sentimentalized'—if you want to call it that—over the buffalo. Has not the United States gone to extreme lengths to save from extinction this great bison, this 100 per cent American?"

I remember having seen when a child two paintings which still remain vivid. One a remarkable view of hundreds of bison grazing peacefully, contentedly and rightfully on the western plains, their natural and God-given habitat.

Then, lo, "Westward the course of empire took its way!" Railroads whizzed across these plains. It could not be said in those days—to do a bit of amplifying—that "Time and tide and trains wait for no man." No! Accommodating trainmen at sight of these vast herds, such grand targets for sharpshooters, as they stood innocently amazed at this peculiar trespasser of their domains, stopped the train for a bit while all and sundry, who were so inclined, got out and took a shot at these stupid, hulking fellows encumbering the earth. And so, the sequel picture: The same vast plains, the same blue sky with its streaks of gold in the west, soft soap-sudsy looking clouds that floated unconcernedly and indolently above, but not the majestic creatures with their air of freedom and joy of wildness. Now they all had been laid low; and in their stead the pathetic sight of huge skeletons, hundreds of them, with horns still pointing piteously upward.

These two paintings, always exhibited side by side, and similar propaganda—although much water flowed under the bridge and many, many moons passed—finally wrought the realization that drastic measures were necessary to save this 100 per cent American. The means employed have been effective. For although in 1919 the bison was virtually extinct, yet so numerous have they now become in Yellowstone Park, our foremost preserve for them, that the United States Government is giving them away for the asking. And, the pendulum swinging back, there may be necessity of thinning by butchering. So here's your opportunity for an unusual offer.

But has it ever occurred to you that a buffalo has an understanding of the human voice, that he may understand language?

When in Paris several years ago I visited, not alone because it was the custom to do so, but because animals really interest me, the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*—big words but really nothing much more or less than a zoological garden. I felt as if I had run up on a fellow-countryman, and one for whom I could feel pride and admiration, when I espied a lone American bison in a pen. It was not such a small pen—as pens go—but you can easily imagine to any American, loving the broad spaces, the far and wide-extending horizon, that his quarters looked cramped. Certainly to an American buffalo it was a decided cubby-hole. As I approached the pen the bison was lying on the far side and close to the fence and in a somewhat dejected and forlorn attitude. Two French children were jabbering away—evidently the bison thought "jabbering" the right word—and were trying to attract his attention and to coax him to them. But not by one single movement did he appear interested. Our party of three stopped at the fence about fifty feet away from him, and in a glad and sympathetic tone I said, "Well, old fellow, how are you?" and employed other words any American might naturally use in addressing another American. He rose immediately and walked unhesitatingly over and stood as near to us as the bars would allow, staying there until we reluctantly left him for other sights.

Don't you know he understood his native tongue? Of course he did. He had evidently been brought up in an American zoo and was thankful for the sound of his own language again. Indeed, he knew his English.



AMERICAN BISON NOW REDUCED TO CAPTIVITY IN PEN OR PRESERVE

The Mouth and Its Uses

ALBERT SHAW

THE human mouth is useful for eating, breathing, and speaking, but for little else. Not so with the members of the animal kingdom, which find that the mouth is quite indispensable.

Nature realizes this and has made the mouths of animals and birds and fishes so suitable for the respective purposes, that one is obliged to marvel at the wonderful contrivances to be seen in connection with the mouths of the animal kingdom.

The Australian *Podargus*, better known as the "More-pork" because of the sound of its cry, has a mouth less like that of a bird than of a frog. This bird lives on large insects such as mantises and locusts and therefore finds a large gaping mouth more useful than a sharp bill. Most of the birds possess beaks, yet how different are the various kinds of bills, all of which are adapted to various uses! The falcon has a bill with a curved end which is a perfect instrument for seizing and tearing small animals and birds; the spoonbill, as its name indicates, has a bill admirably constructed for sifting the mud and catching the small creatures therein; the pelican has a bill with a pouch attached, in which can be stored fish; the puffin has a vise-like beak useful for catching and holding small fish; and the avocet has a long thin bill adapted for a sideways scooping in small pools. The thrush can pick up a nut in its beak and hold it there while it breaks the shell on a stone; the shells of snails are also treated in this way by many birds, whose beaks are suited for gripping the snails. The kiwi, or the apteryx, which cannot fly and which is a shy bird coming out for food only at night, needs a mouth more sensitive than usual. Accordingly its beak is long and pointed, and can probe into crannies and cracks and so procure food.

When most animals eat they move the lower jaw on a kind of hinge, but the crocodile is an exception. The crocodile spends a great deal of its time floating on the water or lying on the mud. When anything comes near the animal if it opened its mouth by dropping its lower jaw the prey would escape. On land, too, its lower jaw is so near the ground that it could not open its mouth very wide. But the crocodile opens its mouth by raising its upper jaw, and is thus enabled to procure all the food it needs. It is interesting to note, too, that the crocodile is greatly inconvenienced by the leeches which find their way into its mouth and worry the huge creature very much. Nature has, therefore, placed near the haunt of the crocodile the little zic-zac bird which hops fearlessly into the crocodile's mouth and eats up the leeches.

As fish catch most of their food by opening their mouths as they swim about, or by making sudden snaps at insects near the surface of the water, it is obvious that their mouths have to be capable of opening very wide. Hence we find that fish have gaping mouths which can be shut like a trap when necessary.

The angler fish goes even one better than this, for it cannot swim well, and consequently has to attract its food. It lies concealed among seaweeds and has, just above its wide-opened mouth, a little curved rod which hangs down like bait. Immediately a passing fish touches this bait the angler fish's mouth shuts with a snap, and the backward sloping teeth prevent the exit of the doomed prey.

These are a few of many examples which prove how useful is the mouth of the animal.

Meadowlark Neighbors

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

MARCH the twelfth, last spring, was meadowlark day, for on that day I heard and saw my first meadowlark of the year. It had been raining lightly for a day or two. The evening of the eleventh of the month we were sure the wind was going



NEST AND EGGS OF MEADOWLARK

to shift to the northwest with the usual cold snap following it. Instead we found to our surprise on the morning of the twelfth that it was blowing from the southwest and that it was warm and damp. As soon as I got outside that morning, I heard the familiar notes of blackbirds and soon saw a flock, no doubt a mixed flock of red-wings and grackles. A few minutes later, I heard the sweet whistled "spring is here" of a meadowlark. The children and I walked as far as the end of the pasture, where we found a lark perched near the top of a large oak. Later, the bird flew off singing as it did so its delightful song.

From then on meadowlarks were to be heard and seen most every day. Occasionally, small bands of the birds enlivened the neighboring fields and pastures with their notes. A more wonderful place than a field or pasture frequented by many meadowlarks is hard to find. Once, during the succeeding weeks, I discovered two males near the house sparring. The birds were very quick and aggressive. The bird attacked, I noticed, took no chances of being injured by its rival's fierce darts and wisely kept out of reach. A few days later, a lark was singing in front of the house. Soon a second lark appeared on the scene alighting near the spot occupied by the first. The second bird was all ruffled up as if very angry and ready for instant hostilities. But the first bird took no chances, hurrying off without stopping to make a single protest. Soon but a pair of the birds frequented the grassy pasture north of the house. I was sure they were going to nest there.

And soon it was apparent that the birds were nesting there. The male sang, day after day, from the neighboring trees, posts and bushes. I often hunted for the nest, but did not learn the whole secret until the middle

of May, when I systematically searched the pasture. I found the nest in the southwest corner, very near the house. As I walked past a tuft of dead grass, out darted the mother. I noticed the arched entrance and saw that the nest held four eggs.

The eggs hatched a few days later. Early in June, I placed an umbrella blind near the nest in order to learn more about our neighbors. On June the second, I sat in the blind for an hour, but during that time saw neither of the owners near the nest. But I did hear the alarm notes of the birds, and occasionally caught a glimpse of them off at a distance.

On the third of June, I entered the blind at 9:45 A.M. Five minutes later, the mother was to be seen making her way towards the nest. She walked briskly along, stooped as if to keep out of sight, and meandered through the grass as she tried to find the easiest path. Occasionally, she stopped, stretched to her full height and looked carefully about. She looked intently at the blind. Often she retreated, especially when the wind shook the blind. Reaching the nest, she stayed about a minute with her little ones, sitting just in front of the entrance facing them. The young birds chirped loudly as they begged for the food she brought. At 10:14 she was back with additional food for her babies, this time a large mouthful. After feeding the youngsters, she showed me she was a good housekeeper, for she carefully cleaned the nest. A minute later, she was back with a spider with a large egg sack. No sooner had she given this to a youngster than a gust of wind shook the blind, frightening her off a short distance, where she found a cutworm. Securing this, she hurried back with it.

I spent two hours in the blind on the third and another on the fourth. During those three hours, the mother fed her young seventeen times. Seven times she fed her young great mouthfuls of mangled pests. Once, though she had an unusually large load, I noticed that she had one cutworm. Twice she had three cutworms and she fed her young at least eleven of these pests. The cutworms

Within the Shelter of the Eaves

EMMA GREEN

BROWN wren, with bright eyes like a mouse,
I welcome you to your small house,
Within the shelter of the eaves,
Half hidden in the woodbine leaves.

*You sing the same enraptured tune
That gladdened each gold day last June,
And songless days, the winter through,
Were happier for thoughts of you.*

were many of them lively fellows that performed all sorts of evolutions in their efforts to get away. Twice she had spiders with large egg sacks. Apparently, then, meadowlarks, during the months of May and June, destroy large numbers of cutworms, those formidable pests that destroy so many corn, melon, cabbage, tomato and other plants. Birds feed their young quite regularly fifteen or sixteen hours each day. I estimated that our meadowlarks destroyed sixty cutworms a day, or a total of six hundred in ten days.

My attention, naturally, was mainly centered on the mother and what she was feeding her young. Still, I did notice that the young birds were quite large. They moved about a good deal in the nest, yawned, stretched, flapped their wings, preened and occasionally chirped a bit. The male made no effort to feed the young, leaving that entirely to his mate. But he sang a great deal and faithfully stayed on guard. I noticed that when he sang she seemed less afraid than at other times. Sometimes when she came towards the nest with food she edged around, retreated and acted as if afraid. Then he would sing his lovely song. Hearing this, her whole manner changed and with little fussing she then made her way to the nest.

*Spare all the harmless creatures of the earth,
Spare, and be spared, or who shall plead for thee?*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



MEADOWLARK WITH CUTWORM. MR. PETERSON ESTIMATES THAT MEADOWLARKS DESTROY SIXTY OF THESE PESTS DAILY

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1928

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Katz and His Kittens Orchestra

WE are grateful to Mr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, for writing on March 24 last: "I wish to call attention to an experience which we have in Pittsburgh at this time. A man named Al Katz goes over the country with an orchestra known as Katz and Kittens. In each city he advertises offering \$50 in prizes for alley cats and the boys over the city gather up cats, likely picking up any child's pet that may seem tempting. They bring it into the contest and then drop it instead of returning it to its home. We have put up a definite protest and are taking precautions to prevent the particular thing I am mentioning. I expect to send you some clippings and trust you may warn our friends throughout the country to look out for this fellow and his scheme."

One of the clippings referred to is an advertisement in a Pittsburgh newspaper, headed: WANTED—PITTSBURGH'S PRETTIEST ALLEY CAT—\$50 IN PRIZES. The first prize is \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10. "The three cats chosen are to become the property of Mr. Katz and his Kittens Orchestra."

Of course such an announcement gives the newspapers an opportunity to write up a humorous story at the expense of the alley cats, as shown in another clipping from the same paper. But the reporters overlook the serious side of such a proceeding. What about the cats that may be picked up indiscriminately, whether they have homes or not? We trust that other societies where Katz and his Kittens Orchestra may appear will be equally as alert as the Pittsburgh organization in pointing out the harm that may result from this method of publicity.

A Means to Friendly Relations

The horse appeared in an international role at the dinner given in honor of the Argentine Ambassador last March when the Prince of Wales said of Argentine that the horse is a means to friendly relations between nations and that the horse has played a great part in the national life of that great republic, Argentine, and it is "obviously a matter over which we find ground whereby we can get together. I find all over the world that if two men get together and talk about horses, if there is any frigidty about them, it very soon goes."

California Flood Victims Aided

WHILE the relief and rescue work goes on among the human victims of the flood disaster, alleviation for the suffering of the animals caught in the thundering waters has not been overlooked, reports the *Los Angeles Times* of March 16. Doyle V. Davison, chief field officer of the State Commission for Protection of Children and Animals, returned from the flood zone after spending sixty hours there with H. J. Daniels and John Ewing, other officers of the commission, caring for animals.

Davison reported that they found untold numbers of dogs and cats as well as chickens and other small stock that had been killed by the rush of water and he said that they killed hundreds of horses, mules and cows which had been horribly mutilated by the flood. Whenever animals capable of caring for themselves were found, Davison and his crew of workers drove them into fields where they could forage for themselves. In many instances the men had to climb trees and piles of debris in order to scatter marooned turkeys and chickens to places where they would be less likely to starve to death. On an island just below Saugus, Davison told of finding a bunch of hogs which it was necessary to kill because of the impossibility of driving or carrying the heavy animals through the surrounding mud to safety.

"We went to the flood zone in response to hundreds of calls from residents there," Davison explained. "But we by no means confined our activities to helping animals. We carried human bodies from the mud as we went about our search, and judging from the depth of the mud in many sections it became increasingly evident to us that many who died in the flood will never be found."

Davison also reported that becoming entangled in barbed wire was the main cause of injury for scores of horses and cattle. One mule, ripped open by a barbed-wire fence, was still alive when the members of the commission found it, and other animals which showed no signs of cuts or bruises on first glance were found to be unable to move because of broken legs. Many animals slightly injured stood deeply imbedded in the mud for hours without even attempting to move.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

Mr. Galsworthy and Humane Education

IN a recent issue of *T. P.'s Weekly*, a very interesting article appeared upon "Reforms I Should Like to See" by John Galsworthy. They include the abolition of coal smoke, reforms connected with art, political parties, the land, and many other points of social value, but the point he makes as to early education will especially interest our readers. Mr. Galsworthy, who is president of the National Animal Welfare Week Council, writes:

"I should like to see all school children definitely taught to be kind to animals and birds. Apart from the benefit to creatures who have no say in their own fate, this would have a most civilizing effect. Proper treatment of criminals, drunkards, lunatics, prostitutes, of the outcast and the helpless generally, is intimately interwoven with early education in the proper treatment of animals and birds. To a considerable extent, criminality *et hoc omne* arises from the injudicious and unkindly pressure of life. Children can hardly be taught how to deal with the unsatisfactory grown-up of their own species; but if taught, as they easily can be, to treat birds and animals well, they will grow up naturally with a kindlier and more judicious attitude in all the practical affairs of life."

At the foot of the article the following note appears:

At the author's request the fee for this article has been paid to the funds of Animal Welfare Week.

"The Bell of Atri"

So great has been the demand for our film, "The Bell of Atri," that several new prints have had to be ordered to meet recent calls both for sale and rental. Though it is now a number of years since we first produced this film, we have yet to learn of another picture that can equal it as a lesson in humaneness, in attractiveness, and in general appeal. It has been exhibited in many states and in many countries, and in nearly every continent on the globe. There are yet, however, many humane societies that do not know of it, thousands of schools where it has not been shown, and myriads of people who have not seen it. No better investment could be made to arouse humane sentiment in a community than to arrange with your local moving-picture house to put on this film. It runs only from fifteen to twenty minutes. The terms either for rental or sale are very reasonable.

Lest We Forget

Again we wish to remind our readers of the needs of the Home of Rest for Horses at Methuen, with its opportunity of fresh pasturage for tired city horses needing a vacation. Many a poor man's horse could not have enjoyed two weeks' rest at this delightful farm, operated by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., had it not been for the generosity of some kind-hearted person who contributed to the cause. Remember that only seven dollars will pay for a two weeks' outing for some horse whose owner is unable to give him a vacation.

The only knowledge we lose by forbidding cruelty is knowledge at first hand of cruelty itself—precisely the knowledge humane people wish to be spared. BERNARD SHAW



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	10,715
Cases investigated	708
Animals examined	4,037
Number of prosecutions	29
Number of convictions	24
Horses taken from work	82
Horses humanely put to sleep	89
Small animals humanely put to sleep	921
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	62,459
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	121

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Charles F. Sherman of Watertown, Ellen Gray Cary of New York City, Mrs. Jeanie Gordon Ireland of Springfield, Juliette E. P. Harford of Danvers, and Cyrus C. Mayberry of Boston.

April 10, 1928.

There are times in life when the brute creation contrasts favorably with the lords thereof.
JULIANA H. EWING.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

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E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 684	Cases 1,686
Dogs 470	Dogs 1,277
Cats 189	Cats 389
Horses 18	Birds 12
Birds 5	Monkeys 4
Rabbits 2	Horses 2
	Rabbit 1
	Goat 1

Operations 604

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 71,622

Free Dispensary Cases 128,511

Total 200,133

MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in March

For driving horse with sore back, \$5 fine.
Using a galled horse, \$25 fine.
Failing to provide proper food for two horses, six hogs and fifty fowls, \$50 fine.
Non-sheltering horse, convicted, case filed on payment of costs.
Working galled horse, \$5 fine.
Non-sheltering horse, convicted, probation four months.
Driving horse with galled shoulders, \$10 fine.
Non-sheltering heifer, \$10 fine.
Non-sheltering horses, \$10 fine.
Driving galled horse, plea of *nolo*, \$5 fine.
Depriving five pigs and two dogs of necessary sustenance, \$25 fine.
Sending out galled horse, plea of *nolo*, \$5 fine.
Cruelly killing dog, \$15 fine.
Abandoning two horses, two dogs, cat and pigeon for seven days, \$10 fine.
Locking hen's wings (two defendants), plea of *nolo*, each fined \$5 and costs.
Non-feeding stock, \$50 fine.
Using galled horse, \$20 fine.
Leading horse unfit for labor, \$10 fine.
Non-sheltering stock, \$10 fine.
Non-feeding stock, \$35 fine.
Selling horse unfit for labor, \$10 fine.



"KNICKERBOCKER," A BEAUTIFUL COLLIE, WHOSE DEATH IS MOURNED BY HIS OWNER, PHOEBE A. BOYD, GERMANTOWN, PA.

When a Dog Bites Legally

AN interesting decision has been rendered in a Common Pleas Court here. Judge Pickett has held that when a dog bites a peddler of goods on the premises of the owner of the dog, no cause of action lies in the peddler for damages. The court finds that the dog is acting within its right and is but doing its duty to its owner when it fully protects his property from trespassers.

This decision is by no means a joke. It is another evidence that in Connecticut a man's home is his castle, as it was in the days "when knighthood was in flower."

The doorbells of our citizens are kept tinkling almost constantly by men and women seeking to interest the owner or tenant of the property in something that could as well be purchased at any store in the city, and generally far better so purchased. These salespeople grow "hard-boiled," as the boys say, and often are most undesirable in their attitude toward their intended customers. Sometimes they become insulting when denied sales, and it has even become the custom in some houses to refuse to answer when such people ring.

If a person keeps a dog to protect the premises, it is supposed that the dog will keep salespeople and peddlers away from the doorstep. That is very often exactly the reason the dog is set on guard. Frequently a warning note is posted conspicuously on the premises announcing "Beware of the Dog." This custom now receives the sanction of the court and the householder finds that he has a perfect right to keep a dog for the purpose of preventing his family from being disturbed by this class of small merchants. —*New Haven Register*

Why Cause Suffering?

We print the following communication at the earnest request of a correspondent:

Why are so many people, otherwise humane, cruel enough to throw safety razor blades, milk bottle caps, toothpicks, matches, glass, etc., into their refuse?

Pigs eat so ravenously that they grab everything. If people could but see the intense suffering of thousands of pigs at the piggeries after each meal they would be more thoughtful.

We know of one owner of a large piggery who gave up raising pigs because so many died a terrible death from swallowing discarded safety razor blades, matches, glass, etc. In one year he lost over 500 pigs out of a drove of 1,500 from the above cause. He couldn't stand the financial loss and the intense suffering of the innocent victims got on his nerves.

Try to imagine the suffering caused by sharp toothpicks, matches and razor blades in a throat, stomach, or intestine.

Let us be more considerate and encourage our friends to be likewise.

The Immortal Mule

It is encouraging to read that the United States army, despite a vast increase in the use of motor-propelled vehicles, today has as many mules as ever before.

The mule is a hard individual to oust. Industrious, silent, stubborn and at times vengeful, he defies the combined efforts of Henry Ford and Secretary Davis to kick him out of his job. Since the army's infancy he has been a trooper; to the end of the army's days he will continue in that capacity.

—*Frankfort Morning Times*



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Rabies in Chicago

According to the report of Health Commissioner A. H. Kegel of Chicago, nearly ten thousand dogs were picked up, taken to the city dog pound and destroyed during the first three months of 1928. During that time 441 persons were bitten and treated with serum to prevent rabies, while 297 dogs were found suffering from rabies. The commissioner said that statistics for the three months indicate a gradual improvement in the rabies situation.

A Frenchman has written a book, "Do Animals Survive Death?", in which he records 130 cases of what may be termed apparitions in which an animal plays the part either of the agent or the percipient. Most of these cases occurred in England.

Philippine S. P. C. A.

UNUSUAL activity among the schools of Cebu continues to mark the good work of the S. P. C. A. with headquarters in that island. Mrs. Clair Wislizenus, the efficient president of the Society, having left for this country, Mrs. Carmen Sotto, the former vice-president, has been elected president, and Mrs. Anne Duffy has been made vice-president. Mr. Montague, general secretary of Bands of Mercy, writes that the organization of these Bands will be extended to the outlying islands during the coming vacation. Humane education pamphlets have been issued in the native tongue, but the English literature of the American Humane Education Society is being used extensively in the schools.

A public school teacher in San Carlos wrote to Mr. Montague that he was "proud to inform you that most of the teachers in the public schools where I'm also teaching are my ardent, active members. Until now we are about fifty-five workers of mercy." A recent article in the *Philippine Free Press* of Manila states that the twenty-seven Bands of Mercy in Cebu now number 3,500 members, of which 1,200 are enrolled in the city of Cebu. There are thirteen additional Bands in other provinces, making thirty-six in all organized to date.

The S. P. C. A. in Cebu also carries on a very practical work, having established a rest farm for horses similar to those in operation in the United States. At the animals' hospital in San Nicholas, in 1927, 732 animals were treated. On last Christmas the hospital gave a feed to 22 horses through the generosity of several interested friends. The Society maintains booths at the Cebu carnivals where literature is distributed and posters and pictures from the American Humane Education Society exhibited.

There is no more excuse for cropping dogs' ears than there is for cropping the ears of men or women.
 —*Boston Post*

*LIFE! which all can take but none can give;
 Life! which all creatures love and strive to keep,
 Wonderful, dear and pleasant to each,
 Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
 Where pity is, for pity makes the world
 Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.*

EDWIN ARNOLD

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of.....dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

International League of Kindness

ONE of the most striking illustrations of the work that is being accomplished in foreign lands comes to us in a recent communication from Egypt, from the Misses Daveis, who were in that country so recently as January of this year. They found in the historic towns bordering on the Nile very earnest and progressive native teachers who are aiming to bring their Arabian pupils up to a high moral and intellectual standard, and who are eager to co-operate with the American Humane Education Society.

The fourth-year class of the Luxor primary school addressed this communication to the committee of the International League of Kindness:

Dear Friends,

We gladly offer to you our heartfelt thanks for your invitation, and we most willingly like to unite with the young people of other countries in the formation of an "International League of Kindness."

We promise to practise kindness towards all living creatures, to help to spread it amongst all the people within our town and with whom we meet anywhere. We also promise—and never break our promise—to comfort animals and birds, to befriend abandoned animals, to protect—with our tongues and even with our little hands,—the nests of birds. We never make a plaything of sparrows or lizards and never throw stones at frogs.

The Misses Daveis were highly gratified to receive the following letter from H. H. Prince Ismail Daond, nephew of King Fuad:

Mesdemoiselles,

I am only too glad to have been of some use to enable you to carry out your work in Luxor. It reminds me I read somewhere that "the standard of any nation's civilization can be measured by the degree of its kindness to animals."

Wishing you the large success your work undoubtedly deserves, I remain
 Yours very sincerely

DAOND

Luxor, 27, 1, 28

Through the generosity of the Misses Daveis, packages of literature and subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* were sent to about a dozen principals of these schools. They also presented subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* and 24 packages of humane educational leaflets, in our name, to the Government, Coptic, and Italian Roman Catholic Schools, at Assouan, Assuit, and Luxor.

Trust Fund for Worn-out Workers

A trust fund is being collected by the American Humane Education Society for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education. Gifts already received now amount to \$1,320.

"Humanitarian"	\$1,000
A friend	50
A subscriber	150
A lover of animals	10
Constant reader	100
A friend	10

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, and specify that the contribution is for this Fund.

Chile Aroused in Behalf of Animal Protection

Publicity of Cruel Customs Results in Action by General Director of the Carabineros (State Police)—Iquique Society Installs Animal Hospital

A REMARKABLE circular demanding protection of animals throughout Chile has been issued recently by General Don Anibal Parada, the General Director of the Carabineros (federal police). It is so epoch-making that we give it in full:

The Society for the Protection of Animals has come to this General Command, soliciting the help of the "Carabineros de Chile," to the purpose that these may help the Society in their work of protection to animals.

The above-mentioned society has said that one of the clearest manifestations of the culture of a people is their attitude toward the beings that help man in his daily labor, that beautify the air, that contribute to his food, or that accompany and serve him in his domestic life. The degree of consideration and respect that a people show toward animals marks, like a true thermometer, the degree of advance in human civilization.

Unfortunately, it is very painful to have to state the very bad impression produced on foreigners by the general practice in our country of ill treating animals.

"A Book of Travels," published in London, has come to the office of the Society for the Protection of Animals. This book, when discussing our country, gives to this matter long paragraphs, under the heading "Cruelty to Animals in Chile"—a heading which is a true stigma to our national pride and self love.

This General Command is in accord with the way of thinking of the Society, agreeing that the condition aforementioned cannot continue and so the Carabineros of Chile, the whole length of the country, must conduct constant and decided campaigns which, in the first place, should advise and train our people in the sentiments of commiseration towards animals, and in the second place, repress with an energetic hand the outrages committed upon those beings that, because dumb, cannot protect themselves against the ill treatment that people without conscience inflict upon them.

While the present General Director was at the head of the Division of Carabineros at Santiago, he employed part of his time in giving conferences and instruction to the drivers, with the object of inculcating in them habits of benevolence and compassion towards animals, and this same kind of work he is asking the Carabineros to do in all the country, with the purpose of educating all the people and especially the drivers of trucks and all work animals, in acting kindly towards the beasts, avoiding thus the shameful spectacle which is before us every day.

These recommendations must be given periodically to the Carabineros for the purpose that it may be understood that it is one of their noblest obligations to prevent and repress at all times the acts of cruelty and all ill treatment given to dumb animals. Instructed in this manner, the body of Carabineros will develop throughout the nation an educational, and at the same time, a repressive campaign, which will give results before long, ending in a short time this stain on our culture.

the pigeons and other free birds with the sling-shot that is being used so extensively by children.

The Carabinero must be ever ready to give heed, opportunely, rapidly and efficaciously, to the representations of the members of the Protective Societies or to other persons who complain of the ill treatment of animals.

Finally, "The General Command" (The National Command of Carabineros) wishes that the "Command of Units" will use their

initiative in co-operating with the beneficent action that the Societies for the Protection of Animals are showing all over the country. Wherever these Societies exist, the Commands must approach their directors, and agree as to the most efficient form to develop the work, and ask that they (the carabineros) may be admitted as members if possible. Where there are no Protective Societies, the carabineros will supply this lack, exerting a constant cultural labor to spread the good treatment towards dumb animals, and repressing with energy all acts against these elemental rules of civilization.

The Commands (Divisions) of Carabineros should show appreciation by any means within their power for the development of the work presented in this circular, and should reward the individuals who are prominent in their work of protection to animals. These prizes should be awarded at the feast day of the carabineros. The Commands will, in their annual report, dedicate especial paragraphs relative to the work that the units of their jurisdiction have performed, following the instructions given in this circular, and for the purpose of qualifying the initiative of each "Command" of their jurisdiction, the performance of these duties will be taken into account, which the "General Command" considers as one of the most altruistic duties that the Carabineros of Chile have to perform.

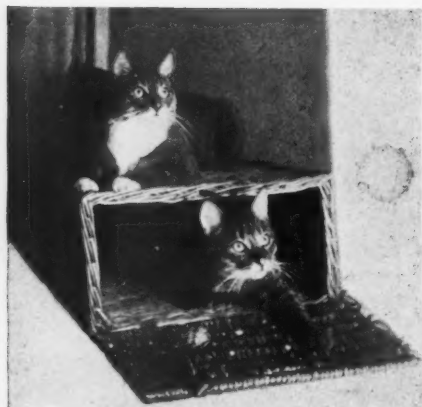
A good illustration of what already is being accomplished by organizations in Chile is shown by a report just received from the Sociedad Protectora de Animales of Iquique. The Society has fully paid for the building and installation of its new Hospital, which cost about \$55,000, Chilean currency. During the past year, 1,039 animals and fowls were given attention at the Hospital, of which 35 were horses, 44 mules, 9 donkeys, 2 bullocks and cows, 14 goats, 582 dogs, 87 cats, 245 fowls, 15 birds and 6 rabbits. There were 119 boarders during the year. The accompanying picture shows a number of people carrying their animals to the Hospital on a consultation day.



RESIDENTS OF IQUIQUE, CHILE, BRINGING ANIMALS TO THE HOSPITAL OF THE SOCIEDAD PROTECTORA DE ANIMALES

Among the cruelties most shocking to humane sentiments, and which must be uprooted from the popular habits, may be mentioned the following:

1. To flog in excess the draft horses.
2. To use the spur on mounted horses so as to cause them wounds.
3. To load the horses, or carts dragged by horses, beyond their strength.
4. To prick the oxen with sharp nails at the ends of sticks, which not only hurts them, but which produces painful wounds.
5. To have these animals sustain on their heads, not only the barbarous weight of the yoke, discarded in many other countries, but also the weight of the cart or truck, which, on account of the bad arrangement of the load, or because of poor springs, constitute a horrible martyrdom for these wretched animals.
6. To oblige sick, weakened or wounded animals to work.
7. Not to water or feed them with the necessary frequency.
8. Either not to help them (treat medically) or not to kill them promptly when a grave accident has happened and they are suffering.
9. To oblige them to sleep standing, for lack of space, and lose their well deserved rest.
10. To transport the domestic fowls, or to keep them cruelly tied up by the feet, head downward.
11. To destroy the nests or idly persecute



"CHRISTOPHER ROBIN" AND
"THOMAS TUCKER"

The Eulogy

[Editorial in *The Commercial Bulletin*, Boston]

LITTLE "Renee" in crossing the street in front of her home was run over and killed by an automobile.

If you say she was only a cat, it shows a lack of knowledge of the friendship that exists between men and animals. Dogs and horses are rightly extolled for their love of their masters, but other animals may become dear to those with whom they live.

Last July a pretty child, eight years old, appeared at our front door with a small kitten in her arms and said: "Won't you please give this pretty kitten a home? We have a pussy of our own, and when the kitten followed me home she would not let it in the house." The kitten was adopted and named for the neighbor's child who had brought it to its new home.

Like the chicken in the Bon Ami advertisement, Renee hasn't scratched yet, and she was a model of neatness in her deportment. She became very fond of riding in a motor car and made two trips daily between house and railroad station. Perched on the back of the rear seat, she attracted much attention as she looked out of the rear window; and every morning at the station she visited for a few minutes a motor car containing three children who came there with their father who took the 7:55 train from Manchester to Boston.

In the city you may not rise as early in the morning as you do in summer in the country, but when puss jumps on your bed and purrs a half hour before your usual time for rising, you can hardly resent this evidence of friendliness. At night when you are at work on an editorial, she jumps on your desk, sits on your copy paper, and wants to rub her head against your chin. In such ways she demonstrates her friendship although not assisting in your work. Her collar is brought home by a kind-hearted policeman, after the disaster in the street, and the little bell on the collar has been flattened by the tire that broke the neck of our little friend.

The "harmless necessary cat" may be regarded by some merely as an animated mouse trap, but the amiable little furry creature that runs to rub against your ankles and purr a song of welcome when you come home at night leaves a pang in your heart when you know that she is gone, and Poe's raven seems to cry "nevermore."

When moving, or leaving on vacation, remember to provide for your cat.

For Cats Only

CAY McCLINTOCK

WELL-ESTABLISHED homes for stray cats are common enough, but when a group of cats, acting on its own initiative, organizes a lodge, that order is unique. It deserves description. Such a one flourishes in the little city of Chico, in the northern part of sunny California.

Twenty-one sleek, stray felines are named on the charter of this society. Any cat, regardless of age, size, color, breed or creed is eligible for membership, provided that it has no real home. Once in, the member is given unrestricted use of the beautiful club house with its comfortable living quarters, and spacious sun-porches. All this, without charge, not even so much as a board bill.

Nature provided a home for these cats, and placed it in a spot of exceeding beauty, close to a merry brook. The house, proper, consists of numerous nooks and crannies in the butt of a great oak tree, around which strong vines grow in thick profusion, forming a natural canopy over the crevice-rooms below. Far-reaching branches of the venerable oak make ideal sun porches for the inmates, who, on bright, warm days, stretch there lazily, meditating on the seriousness of life, or discussing politics, presidential possibilities and the scarcity of good milk.

Able assisting nature in caring for this peculiar little group, is a benevolent lady who merits the title "Lady Bountiful." Each day, regardless of the weather, along about five o'clock in the afternoon, she motors five miles from her home in town to the tree which houses the cat lodge. With her she brings two huge basins, one full of juicy, raw meat, the other containing well-cooked meat and bits of bread and vegetables. In addition, she brings a bottle of milk for the young, or more delicate members of the fraternity.

Long before she comes, the members line up along the road to watch for her car, which they can distinguish from all others. When she alights they welcome her with a chorus of "me-aows," throaty purrs and much rubbing of their sleek sides against her skirts. Hungrily they attack the red, raw meat, a few of the more fastidious grouping themselves about the pan of cooked food, and one or two daintily lapping the milk, moving their soft, pink tongues with mechanical regularity. Some of the cats, with an evident eye to the future, hide bits of meat in the crevices of the tree. Perhaps they like a snack before bed, or possibly they are afraid their benefactor might forget them once.

Years ago, when the lady first started to cater for the cats, they were desperately frightened of her and would not come out of hiding while she was near. However, they soon learned that she was there to help instead of harm them. After that realization, they began to come to her with their troubles, the lame ones, the sick ones and the hurt ones. She administered to each, according to its needs. She knows and loves them all,—the big calico cat that relishes its food with such gusto; the fluffy, smoke-gray kitten that wants to play instead of eat; the furtive black cat, with wild eyes; the senile, white one, which walks so slowly and painfully; the quarrelsome gray-and-white; and the proud, but be-draggled, little Persian which has seen richer days, but none better than those it now enjoys.

To many, these furry waifs are fierce and belligerent, but to the little lady, whose kindness they know, the cats are tame and docile.

After her daily visit, the lodge members sit in solemn council.

"Purr-r-r-r-r, me-eow, me-aow, purr-r-r-r!" they say.

Translated, this means: "If that lady ever wants a good mouser, we know where she can get twenty-one of the best!"

Unwanted Collie Makes Good

MARY D. SIMMONS

EARLY last summer foxes were causing a great deal of trouble at our farm. The farm is about three miles from a Maine village and is largely a poultry farm. Fox choruses by night and thefts by day began to get on the nerves of the family there, and it was decided that a dog was needed.

Having learned of a much-abused and unwanted collie puppy which his owners were going to kill, this dog was taken from them and placed at the farm. At first "Tony" seemed to be no good, as a watch-dog. He had been beaten and driven till his courage was apparently gone. When the foxes began their nightly yelping he would hide in the barn, and refuse to go after the sly creatures.

As time went on, however, and he found the new home quiet and kind, he began to change. One day, late in the afternoon, he was seen to corner and pick up a stray hen. The first thought of those watching was that he had turned chicken killer, but instead of worrying the bird, he carried it to the hen yard fence and gently poked it through an opening. This was repeated till several birds were yarded.

It had become the custom since the fox raids to gather in the stray birds toward night to prevent their roosting out where the foxes could get them. The dog had watched the men do this till he had learned the work and the time to do it, and had made it one of his duties. He also gradually lost his fear of the foxes at night so turkeys and other birds no longer disappear.

The farm has been too busy a place all summer to allow time for training the dog. Tony simply learned by observation and went to work of his own free will.



A LAPFUL OF HAPPINESS

The Beloved Clown

ELIZABETH B. THOMAS

THE first time I saw him, he was standing in a roomy box-stall in a sales-stable, calmly scratching his ear with one hind foot. Scratching completed, he yawned, stretched, and moved to the stall door to look at his visitors. He was just a "little feller for a cent," weight not over 900 pounds, bright bay, with one white hind foot, a white star, and a white splash on his nose that looked as if someone had thrown a brushful of white-wash at him which had landed sideways, and two twinkling brown eyes that fairly radiated mischief. The minute I looked at him I knew that he was just the horse I wanted, and after some preliminary argument over the price I bought him.

The next thing was to get him to my home, which was nearly twenty miles from the stable. It was spring and the frost was just coming out of our New England roads, and I did not relish the thought of my long ride home on a strange horse. But I asked the stable boy to saddle up for me. The bay submitted to the saddling process mildly enough, watching me with a speculative eye all the while.

Somehow, with the saddle and bridle on, the horse looked much larger and more formidable than he had in the stall, particularly after they informed me that he had never been ridden. Quite a crowd had gathered to see "that fresh girl get her neck broke," and I wasn't at all sure that they weren't going to see something of the sort. The audience was entirely too large to permit me to back down, so I mentally rolled up my sleeves and grasping the bridle with what I fondly hoped was an air of ease and unconcern, I swung into the saddle. Nothing happened. I became slightly bolder and tapped him lightly with the end of the reins. Still nothing happened, and I tapped him again, harder, and he turned an interested eye towards me and started out of the stable. Alas, he began to back up and finally sat down in the ditch and started to eat grass! My position was undignified, to say the least, and my audience was much amused. I tried coaxing, punished him a little, and nearly tried swearing and still that horse sat calmly and appeared to have forgotten that I was there. Then, suddenly, he tired of the sport, stood up on his hind legs, shook himself and started running down the street, fortunately in the direction that I wished to go. His burst of speed carried him well out of the town and into the muddy district where he was forced to slow down. His play over, he settled down to business in earnest and carried me very well. The roads were terrible and it was a very weary little horse that I unsaddled in my barn that night.

The next day I harnessed him into a light road cart and drove him to town, wishing to show off his speed and style. He went splendidly until I got right into the village where I wanted him to be his handsome best, and then he hung his head and stumbled, walked sideways and behaved generally like somebody's old plow-horse. Going home along the country roads where nobody could see him he went like a flash with his head in the air.

I soon learned that his sense of humor was unusually well developed, and ceased to try to make him show off. He had an uncanny way of doing just what I didn't want him to do at all times when people could see him. I never knew whether he was going to sit down on the main street or untie his halter and go into a store to steal apples. But there was



VETERANS WHO STILL DEFEY THE INROADS OF TIME AND THE MOTOR

something so lovable about him that I could not bear to punish him, and he had his own way most of the time. The storekeepers learned to know the white splashed nose and the impish eyes and I am afraid encouraged him in his pranks.

Because of his beauty people used to want to hire him to ride, but they seldom came a second time. After being backed all over town and taken calling on people to whom they had never been introduced, most people gave up. Another trick of his was to run along nicely for about a mile and then think of something important that he had to do at home, whirl like a flash and start back to attend to it. He soon got over trying his tricks on me, but outsiders were never safe a minute with him. I used to be bothered by people who wished to borrow him to ride in parades, but after he had backed into the band several times they gave it up.

I used to turn him loose and let him run around a bit to get grass, but I heard such bad reports of him that I had to give it up. Once he chased one old lady up on her piazza and refused to let her come down to the ground, once he went to a neighbor's house and took all her clean clothes carefully off the line and laid them on the ground, and once he rolled right in the middle of a newly planted garden.

The little horse is over twenty now but as playful as ever. I have had many opportunities to sell him, but I shall keep the little scamp until he is too old to use and then have him painlessly put to sleep.

Can Animals Think?

HENRY CHAS. SUTER, PH. D.

EVERYBODY has seen a dog lying with its head on its paws in front of the stove and particularly before an open fire and gazing at the dancing flames. Is it just somnolent or lost in thought?

The horse watching another horse pulling a heavy load; the cow in the field calmly chewing her cud; the cat carelessly sunning herself; have they the power of thought and reasoning?

Naturalists and scientists have just completed carrying out a series of experiments in an attempt to probe the animal mind and

incidentally have made some remarkable discoveries. Evidence has been accumulated pointing to impulses and worthy deeds on the part of domestic and wild creatures indicating creditable codes of morals.

Even in the insect world, it has been proven that the ant exhibits all the morals of the good Samaritan in the highest degree. It lives in big nests that are really populous cities which force upon their inhabitants a long string of commandments of "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not."

The ant will abandon a valuable bit of treasure and go to almost any lengths of risk and effort to aid and comfort another member of her nest. If an ant is trapped under a pebble or twig, the next ant that comes that way will strain her tiny muscles to lift the weight. When that fails, she acts just as a human being—goes back to town and organizes a rescue party.

Domesticated animals, particularly the dog, cat and horse, have also a code of their own.

The dog's moral code commands him to protect the home and family, and, if necessary, die for them. He is watchman, detective, policeman, and soldier; and these deep responsibilities as he certainly thinks a great deal about them, keep him worried and overzealous.

While pussy does not accept such responsibilities or obligations, and seemingly exercises a significant amount of independence compared with that of the dog, nevertheless the cat has also been proved to have a moral code.

A clergyman has recorded the morals, both good and evil, of one of his cats. The cat was a thief, but her thefts were mixed up with a sort of lofty morality, like that of Robin Hood, who used to rob the rich to give to the poor—at least so he claimed.

The minister's dishonest cat really did this. She would not only invite hungry tramp felines to eat her own legitimate food, but when that was gone would steal from her master and share her loot with the strangers. Seeing a neighbor's cat about to eat some foul scraps of meat, she took away the unfit food and, instead, stole a piece of fish from the shelf where it had been stored and gave it to her hungry friend. It is therefore evident that animals do far more thinking than some human beings think they do.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and six new Bands of Mercy were reported in March, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 107 were in Rhode Island; 89 in Pennsylvania; 82 in Virginia; 47 in Iowa; 37 in Georgia; 29 in Massachusetts; 25 in Texas; 22 in Illinois; 19 in South Carolina; 18 in Ohio; 12 in Canada; six in Washington; three each in Maine and Syria; two each in Missouri and Minnesota; and one each in Wisconsin, North Carolina, and Tennessee.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 167,608



The Station Pet

At White Horse, Alaska, there is a little gopher that has the run of the station of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. He is not very old nor very big, but he knows a lot for such a little fellow. He is the pet of the men working there, and he knows that no one will hurt him and that every one will feed him so he stays by the station and grows fatter and lazier each day.

One of the men snapped his picture as he stood posed near the tracks. It proves what a little kindness and patience can do towards taming any animal, no matter how small or how large.

I am often forced to wonder whether instinct is not the best guide after all. Animals have frequently compelled me to ask myself whether they do not set us good examples, whether they are not our "superiors."

HAMILTON FYFE



A Rabbit Taught Me

LILEOTA DESTAFFANY

A FEW years ago I lived on a cattle ranch in the sage-brush desert of southern Idaho. Many animals lived there. Cotton-tail and jack-rabbits overran the country and made good feed for the many coyotes that howled in nightly chorus. Sage-hens were numerous and many times in the fall after the neighbor's grain had been threshed great numbers of wild geese stopped there to eat in the stubble fields on their way south for the winter. Rattlesnakes and lizards crawled underfoot, making it necessary for one to be ever on the alert for sudden sharp-fanged death.

Living so far from town we could not run into a store whenever the larder was empty. The groceries had to be bought in large quantities in order to last until the next trip to town. At that time it was especially hard for us to go to town as the only means of transportation was a wagon drawn by a pair of slow walking mules.

One day our food supply was rather short and I thought I would help out by shooting a couple of cottontails for our dinner. I had early formed a habit of carrying a camera wherever I went and this day was no exception. I slung the camera over one shoulder, picked up my .22-rifle and started out after meat.

When I was but a small child my father, a great outdoors man, told me never to kill anything just to be killing. He also said that I must never point a gun at anything unless I meant to kill as the gun was made to kill with and many people lost their lives with supposedly "empty" guns. I always remembered that and went according to his advice.

I walked about looking for cottontail rabbits. Many jack-rabbits scooted from behind the sage brush but no cottontails. In that part of the country jacks were not good to eat. Some people said they were infected with tuberculosis. I do not know whether it was true or not but we never ate them.

About a mile from home I suddenly came upon a cottontail, sitting all hunched up in a little patch of grass. I raised my rifle and took aim intending to have him for dinner—but, I did not shoot. Somehow I couldn't.

He sat there so quietly. It was unusual! Most rabbits jump and run the very instant they see you, but this one never moved. I thought he might be "playing dead," thinking I would go away.

I laid my rifle down and took out the camera; still he did not move. Although I was careful in my actions I expected each minute to see the last of Mr. Rabbit. I snapped the picture and he only moved his ears. Then I began to think something was wrong so I walked up to him and discovered the reason for his quietness.

He was caught in a trap! Both hind legs, and could not move. Some one had set out a coyote trap and this little rabbit had been the unlucky one to spring it. His back legs were both broken and he was too weak to struggle, so I shot him in the head.

Then I went home. I could not have eaten that rabbit, no matter how hungry I had been. I decided we could get along without meat for dinner that day, and I haven't shot a rabbit since.

Abraham Lincoln's Example

In an editorial in the *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Mr. James A. Langton writes:

The boy who is uniformly kind and gentle in his treatment of animals is more than likely to extend the same treatment to his human companions. The boy Abraham Lincoln had the courage to rescue a turtle from companions who starved and abused it. No living creature was too insignificant to find a friend and defender in the tender-hearted Lincoln, who later looked with pity and compassion upon the men and women held in the bondage of slavery. In his boyhood, indeed during all his life, a bird, a pig, or a kitten was worthy his care and attention. Bearing the burdens of a nation, Lincoln never ceased to be kind. Children cannot emulate a better example.

Recalls Being President of Band New York Newspaper Woman also Pays Tribute to Prize Story Book

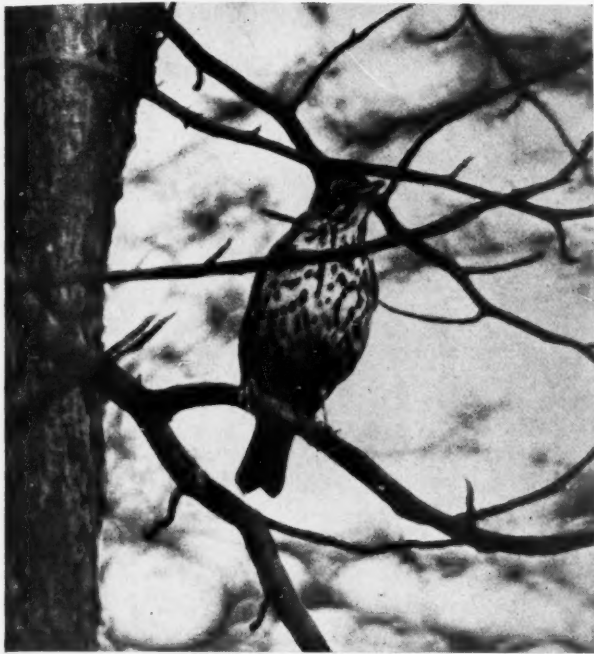
In the issue of *Liberty* for March 17, last, Miss Grace Robinson gives her experience as a newspaper woman in the business of earning one's living, in which she tells as follows about her connection with the Band of Mercy:

When I was a little girl, in Omaha, Nebraska, I read a book called "Beautiful Joe." It was the history of a dog, written in the first person, in the manner of the famous "Black Beauty."

The people in "Beautiful Joe" loved animals and had an organization called a Band of Mercy. I had a well beloved dog of my own—"Gyp"—and I was frantic to belong to a Band of Mercy. I organized one among the children of my neighborhood, and at the first meeting I was elected president by a weird form of verbal balloting which virtually robbed the voters of any other choice.

This astonishing political maneuver, I remember, occurred in my mother's kitchen, she having refused to admit the muddy young hoydens to her immaculate sitting room.

The Band of Mercy soon felt a broadening altruistic urge, and decided its scope should be extended to include humans as well as dumb beasts. We burst forth as Sunbeams, and held a charity bazaar, clearing twenty-seven dollars for poor children. The *Omaha Daily News* wrote us up with a flourish and printed my picture as founder!



THE ENGLISH SONGTHRUSH (THROSTLE)

The Throstle

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Our Debt to the Animals

HOSTS of animals there are that make the world more pleasant, and our lives happier. They add a charm to the meadows by their bleating and browsing, and peaceful existence. They make the woods pleasant with their sweet songs and fair plumage. Since they do so much for us, we should do all we can to make their lives comfortable and happy, and always give them proper food, and shelter, and care, and kind words, and kind treatment.

GEO. T. ANGELL

The Mockingbird at School

NOT long ago a teacher in the school for Mexicans in a southern California town used a mockingbird as the motif for written exercises. A little girl in the fourth grade, Elizia Barajos, said in her essay: "At the Wilson school we have a mockingbird. Every morning he sings us a song on the roof, and he doesn't go away because we do nothing to frighten him. He took a bath in the gutter after the rain stopped. And one day he stood on the flagpole while we were saluting the flag. All the children said let us give him a name, so we named him Calvin Coolidge. One day he had a grasshopper and a butcher-bird was after him. We thought the butcher-bird was going to kill him, but he didn't. If he had killed him we were going to be very sorry for the mockingbird makes us happy every day."

Something About Peacocks

A VERY handsome bird is the peacock, which originally came from the East Indies, but which is now common in most parts of the world. In the Bible we read that King Solomon sent ships which came back every three years, bringing gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks.

In ancient times the Romans were fond of peacocks and would often cook them and serve them at banquets.

The peacock loses its brilliant plumes at the approach of winter and renews them again in the springtime. For this reason the peacock has been used as a symbol or emblem of the resurrection, and the figure of a peacock carved on a stone was often used to mark the graves of Christians in the Roman cemeteries. Peacocks like to live out in the open air. Even on the coldest nights a peacock prefers to roost upon the branch of a tree or on the top of a house or stack rather than to submit to the confinement of a house.

The peacock has one quality which is not to its credit. It is very proud of its beautiful feathers, and by the way it struts around it shows its vain spirit. This is the reason we sometimes speak of persons as being "vain as a peacock."



WELCOME TO MERRY MAY!

How to Attract the Birds

DR. A. H. PALMER

IN one of his poems, Chaucer tells us that the birds choose their mates on February 14, St. Valentine's Day. For this reason St. Valentine is usually regarded as the patron saint of birds. Even though we may not delight in fanciful thought of this kind, we all love the birds and wish to see many of them in our midst. If we will but protect them and provide them with suitable meeting-places, food, and water, they will be our intimate friends. Where birds are sheltered from harm and provided with ample food they are frequent visitors. Both in summer and in winter, birds are ever in search of food and water; where these are plentiful the birds will be plentiful also.

Though many native birds build nests on the ground, most birds nest in trees or shrubs. For this reason trees and shrubbery are essential for making a place attractive to our feathered friends. Such shrubs should be allowed to form thickets, and should be pruned back frequently when young so as to provide numerous crochets adapted for nesting-sites. Bird-houses and bird-boxes are sought when no tree cavities are available. Such bird-houses can be purchased ready made from dealers, or any boy skillful with a hammer and saw can easily construct them.

The most common errors in putting out bird-houses are choosing poor locations and supplying too many boxes. A bird-house needs only partial shade; houses on poles are usually occupied. Martins prefer a house standing apart from trees. The wren prefers a small house having a small entrance, and does not fear the close approach of people, though it is much afraid of cats, dogs, and chickens. Entrances to bird-houses should be sheltered by projecting roofs, and should face away from the prevailing wind and rain storms. All bird-houses should be constructed so that the interior may be easily examined and cleaned in the autumn; this is important to permit a season's rubbish to be thrown out before the beginning of the next spring.

As a rule, birds do not like to be crowded; if a place is thickly studded with bird-houses only a few of them will be occupied. Birds not only do not want bird neighbors too near, but are impatient of human meddling. They should therefore be granted as much privacy as possible during the nesting season; there is a tradition to the effect that bird eggs will never be hatched if a human being has breathed upon them; one should never go near the bird young in a nest, as it frightens both the young and their parents. Nests built in shrubbery are likely to come to a bad end if the birds are disturbed frequently. If ground-nesting birds, as bobolinks, meadowlarks, and bob-whites are to be protected, grass in the nesting fields must not be cut during the breeding season. English sparrows will drive other birds away; the common bluejay is also a tyrant among birds, and will sometimes destroy the eggs and kill the young of other birds nesting in the neighborhood of its home.

Nothing has a more potent attraction for birds than drinking and bathing places. The birds' water supply should be a pool not more than a few inches deep, the bottom sloping gradually upward toward the edge. Both bottom and edge should be rough so as to afford a safe footing. A large pottery saucer is an excellent device, or the pool may be made of concrete or even metal, if the surface is

roughened. The bird bath may be elevated, or on the ground, if on an open space where skulking enemies cannot approach too near. A water supply is appreciated in winter as well as in summer.

Food supply is the vital factor in bird life and the most important single offering that can be made to attract birds. It is important to note that an ample supply of food prior to and during the nesting season tends to increase the number of eggs laid and also the number of broods in a season. Bird food may be supplied in two ways,—by planting trees, shrubs, and herbs which produce seeds or fruits relished by birds, and by exposing food in artificial devices. The most familiar phase of the latter method is winter feeding. During the season when the natural food supply is at its lowest ebb birds respond most readily to our hospitality. Winter feeding has become very popular, and the result has been to bring about better understanding between birds and human kind. The winter foods commonly used include suet or other fat, pork rinds, bones with shreds of meat, cooked meats, cut-up apples, birdseed, buckwheat, crackers, crumbs, coconut meat, cracked corn, broken dog biscuits or other bread, hemp seed, millet, nut meats of all kinds, especially peanuts, whole or rolled oats, peppers, popcorn, pumpkin and squash seeds, raw and boiled rice, sunflower seeds, and wheat. The waste product of grain mills known as screenings is a valuable and inexpensive source of food for birds.

Those who desire to have birds about their homes should not feel that their power to attract them is gone when winter is over. Winter feeding easily passes into summer feeding, and experience proves that some birds gladly avail themselves throughout the year of this easy mode of getting a living. However, by cultivating their natural food plants and allowing them to reap the harvest in their own way we may induce them to earn their own living, as it were. Feeding fruit-eating birds is best accomplished by planting selected species of fruit-bearing shrubs and trees. Through late spring and summer there is usually abundance of insect food in addition to fruit enough for all the birds. So far as fruit alone is concerned, autumn is the season of overflowing abundance; in winter the supply gradually decreases, and late winter and early spring are the seasons of actual scarcity. This is the critical time of the year for many birds, and a plentiful supply of wild fruit will tide them over. Fortunately, everywhere in the United States there are some fruits that persist until there is no longer any need of them. If enough are planted, no birds able to live on this class of food should starve. The best of these long-persisting fruits are juniper, bayberry, thorn apples, and related fruits, in addition to holly and snowberry.

Birds devour cultivated fruit principally because the processes of cultivation diminish the wild supply. The presence of wild fruit in a locality always serves to protect domestic varieties, especially when the wild trees or shrubs are of the same kinds as the cultivated ones and ripen earlier. Suitable kinds may be selected for protecting various fruits according to the season of ripening. Among those most useful for the purpose are mulberry, wild blackberries, and wild strawberries, serviceberry, wild cherry, and elderberry.

The Mockingbird in Cuba

THAT most delightful of all song birds in the known world, the mockingbird of America, is quite common in Cuba and remains with us throughout the entire year. Fortunately, too, he is by nature probably the most domestic of all wild birds and seems to like the society of human beings, his nest being found usually within small groves or shade trees close to the house.

Of all known birds, this little warbler with his wonderful imitation of other birds and of many animals, gives more pleasure to those within range of his voice than other members of the feathered tribe. To the farmer, too, he is of great benefit, since, like the robin, he feeds largely on insects.

In Cuba we have a vine of fine, delicate leaves and small yellow flowers that will quickly cover a wire fence with a mantle of green. The vine is called the "Cundeamor" (the cradle or giver of love), while its fruit is of an odd shape, the size of a French walnut, and in color a vivid orange. The seed of this fruit is to the mockingbird the most tempting of all food, so that if one cares for the company of these makers of sweet music, it is well to plant "Cundeamor" alongside his fences.

Not only does this wonderful little songster of the tropics and semi-tropics fill the air by day with sweet notes but, like the nightingale, with the rising of the moon his voice rings out clear and melodious in the night air—an enchanting solo given to the world free—without price. Near relatives of the polyglots are scattered over most of the Southern States and are found also in Mexico and Central America. Unlike most wild birds, the mocker, if caught when little, seems really to enjoy life in captivity, his range of imitation increasing when caged.

—Cuba Review

Vague

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the bank teller, "but what is your name?"

"My name?" ejaculated the customer. "Can't you see my signature on the deposit slip?"

"Well, sir, that aroused my curiosity."

Kindness to animals is not mere sentiment, but a requisite of even a very ordinary education; nothing in arithmetic or grammar is so important for a child to learn as humane-ness.

—Journal of Education, Boston

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